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May

1912-13

COMMENCEMENT
NUMBER

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Philomathian and Eukosmian
Literary Societies
Presbyterian College of South Carolina*

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—The First—
National Bank
—OF—
Clinton, S. C.

CAPITAL \$50,000.00
SURPLUS \$10,000.00

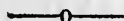
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Class of '12-'13.

Motto—*Nihil Nisi Optimum.*

Class Flower—*Daisy.*

FRANK PEARSON ANDERSON, A. B.
WESTMINSTER, S. C.

"His life was gentle, and the elements
So mixed in him that
Nature might stand up
And say to all the world, this is a man."

Entered college in '09; member of the Philomathian Literary Society; chaplain in '10-'11, secretary in '11-'12; critic in '12-'13; secretary and treasurer of Y. M. C. A. in '12-'13; president of class in '11-'12; exchange editor of the Collegian in '11-'12 and '12-'13; manager of track team in '11-'12; president of Oconee Bachelor Club in '12-'13; corresponding secretary of S. C. I. O. A. in '12-'13; took second honor in his class.

DANIEL BROWN GREEN, A. B.
LANCASTER, S. C.

"Worth, courage, honor, these indeed
Your sustenance and birthright are."

Entered college '09; member of the Philomathian Literary Society; chaplain, secretary, first monitor, critic and vice-president at different times; elected by his society as a representative orator in '11-'12 and '12-'13; won declaimer's medal in '10-'11; represented his society in the inter-society debate in '12-'13, and helped win the debater's cup; manager of track team in '12-'13; president of the class in '12-'13.





ALBERT ROY REGISTER, A. B.
GEORGETOWN, S. C.

"The burning soul, the burdened mind,
In books alone companions find."

Entered college in '09; member of the Philomathian Literary Society; critic in '11-'12; president in '12-'13; poet of his class in '11-'12; took first honor of his class.

EMMA HIPPI, A. B.
CLINTON, S. C.

"Yet graceful ease and sweetness void of pride
Might hide her faults, if belles had faults to hide."

Entered college in '09; vice-president of class '12-'13.

JAMES SAMUEL GARNER, JR., A. B.
DARLINGTON, S. C.

"The reason firm, the temperate will,
Endurance, foresight, strength and skill."

Entered college '09; corresponding secretary of Philomathian Literary Society in '11-'12; vice-president of Philomathian Literary Society, 2nd term, '12-'13; local editor of the Collegian '12-'13.



SARA FRANCES GARVIN, A. B.
CLINTON, S. C.

"My talents they were not the worse,
nor yet my education.
Resolved was I at least to try to
mend my situation."

Entered college in '09.



JUNIUS HORTON, A. B.

MARSHVILLE, N. C.

"The keen spirit
Plans and performs, resolves and executes."

Entered college in sub-freshman class in '08; member of Philomathian Literary Society; second censor in 2nd term in '10-'11, chaplain 1st term '11-'12; represented his society in the Declaimer's Contest both in '09 and '11 and won the orator's medal in '12; secretary and treasurer of his class in '11-'12; was financial agent for Y. M. C. A. in '10-'11; secretary and treasurer in '11-'12 and president in '12-'13; editor of Y. M. C. A. department of the Collegian in '11-'12.

SAMUEL LILLIAN LEAMAN, A. B.

CROSS HILL, S. C.

"So nestled beneath the simplest guise,
Thy radiant genius shone."

Entered college in '09; member of the Eukosmian Literary Society; monitor 3rd term '10-'11; critic 1st term '11-'12; vice-president 3d term '11-'12; president 1st term '12-'13; represented the college in the tennis tournament '10-'11; short stop on base ball team for four years; captain '12-'13; athletic editor of the Collegian in '12-'13.



ELISE SPENCER, A. B., M. A.

CLINTON, S. C.

DANIEL JOHNSON BRIMM, JR.

A. B., M. A.

CLINTON, S. C.



GEORGE ANDREW NICKLES, A. B.
HODGES, S. C.

"The talent of success is nothing more than doing well whatever you do."

Entered college in sub-freshman class in '08; member of Philomathian Literary Society; conductor in '09-'10; chaplain in '10-'11; censor in '10-'11, corresponding secretary in '11-'12, secretary in '11-'12; president in '12-'13; critic in '12-'13; poet of class in '09-'10; president of class in '10-'11; prophet of class '12-'13; literary editor of the Collegian in '11-'12; 2nd vice-president of S. C. I. P. A. '11-'12; editor-in-chief in '12-'13; president of student body in '12-'13; secretary of athletic association in '12-'13; represented college in the S. C. I. O. contest in '12-'13.

JOSEPH SANDERS SIMPSON, A. B.
HONEA PATH, S. C.

"Sir a ladies' man, indeed sir; I said a ladies' man."

Entered college in '09; member of the Philomathian Literary Society; president of his class in '09-'10; poet of his class in '11-'12; door-keeper in society in '09; first censor in '10-'11; treasurer in '11-'12; president in '12-'13; captain of base ball team in '11-'12; athletic editor of the Collegian in '11-'12, and business manager in '12-'13; took third honor in his class.



HOMER WARD HEAD, A. B.
ATLANTA, GA.

Entered college in the sub-freshman class in '08; member of the Eukosmian Literary Society.

The Collegian

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Clinton, S. C., May 1913

No. 5

Literary Department

— o —
J. S. LAND and E. S. BENNETT, Editors
—

"Class of '13."

Four years ago,
Doubtless you know,
We Seniors came to college;
With heart aglow,
And minds to know,
We came to gather knowledge.

But those Exams.
Came with their slams,
To test our gathered learning;
So we did cram,
In every gramme
We could, without discerning.

At Soph'mores brink,
We stooped to drink,
From that inviting fountain;
And that deep drink,
We surely think,
Did help us o'er the mountain.

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well as honor for their class in the class room, on the athletic field, in the literary societies and in every branch of college life.

Graduation and leaving college are always sad and—oh, how sad in our case! If we could only stay here a few days longer, in our capacity of shining examples to those less fortunate mortals, the present sub-seniors who are struggling, vainly thus far, to attain the heights so easily “reached and kept” by ourselves. They would keep us if they could, but the world calls her greatest and we obey her call joyfully,—yet with a sigh of pity for those we needs must leave behind.

Our first year was almost entirely spent in rubbing off our greenness, and in getting equipped for our part in the great work that lay before us. As the days crept slowly along, we were gradually smoothed off and polished by the slow moving P. C. machine whose sole business is the manufacture of men out of the raw material with which its feeder is replenished each fall.

We were given the usual doses of Algebra and Geometry—only more so, not because it was at all necessary for us to review these subjects, but because they were scheduled for the first year. The professor soon recognized our mental superiority and entered us in Soph. Math. because we, unlike all other classes, like notoriety and decided not to take the review course in Fresh. Math. But a few fell before the guns of Latin. We produced one star in baseball and from all evidences we should produce noted orators in the future.

Our Sophomore year abounds with many great events. It was then that we laid aside our Freshman meekness and assumed a bold garb. As for pleasantries as—oh, well, every one knows what fun Sophs can extract from very little things; we did all these little things—only rather extensively. We do not remember what classes we were supposed to attend that year—one grows confused in trying to remember all the minor details of a four year’s course, full of real college work. We shall from lack of space refrain from giving

an account of our success in this work for pretty fair "write ups" of the games and other important events were always given in the papers.

The greatest time is the present, we have now arrived in the midst of the third chapter. We were Juniors. We lived up to the customs of Juniors. We assumed a more logical, dignified, mien. We made our most brilliant marks in Economics and Logic, although at times we would change our recitations into picnic concerts or what else we would decide to do—of our own accord. Our baseball player was still starring and at the height of fame. Their names will be recorded in history as very noted men. At this time we were also producing some stars in Track.

Having arrived at length at our Senior year, we have turned ourselves industriously to rounding out the college course. Some are studying who did not study much before, while others are turning their attention from books to men. When we are out in life of another sort our friends will have reason to believe that, just as we have been meeting our work better this year than ever before, so 1913 will meet its responsibilities fully and squarely, and realize its motto "Nihil Nisi Optimum", and come indeed to the front.

And now let me say how glad I am that it falls not in the province of the present history to take in the approaching commencement season, when, though at the sight of the well-earned diplomas, we must sadly break the ties which have during four years of mutual enjoyment, fellowship and respect, bound us so closely together.

May Fortune deal kindly with us, and especially grant that we may always remain in situation close together as in heart.

Historian.



Class Prophecy.

I had gone through all the usual feelings, emotions and nerve racking circumstances that accompany the departing

graduate. At a late hour of the night I was speeding homeward. I too, with the other passengers became drowsy and dropped off into a barely unconscious sleep. It seemed that all the while I slept I dreamed.

I thought I stood and looked into a beautiful garden, filled with tender young rose bushes. And as I stood drinking in their inspiring beauty, I was struck with the manner of a man standing in the midst of the garden. He was tall and thin, with an air of profound learning. There were several ladies and a few men here and there in the garden, carefully cultivating the tender plants. They all seemed to be going according to the direction of the central personage, and the roses seemed to wave and acknowledge him as master of the garden. I dreamed that I turned from the garden and entered into a large forest. Here I wandered among the big trees until I came across one different from all others in the forest, there being very few of its kind found anywhere. Somehow there was cast around it an air of solemnity, and as I gazed up into its branches I saw an interesting sight. Its branches were filled with a group of pious, wise-looking young owls. The attention of all seemed to be centered upon one perched, with an air of piety and dignity, upon a limb above the rest. They seemed to be giving attention to him, as if he were directing them how to take a flight into the great outside world.

Then as I wandered on in the forest the next thing that attracted my attention was an army of large ants. Each one of them seemed to be so intent upon what he was doing that I stopped to watch them. They were all going to and fro, very busy and heedless one of the other. I noticed that some moved with great vigor and life as they hurried on their way, others lingered and moved about as if unable to take part and enjoy the hustle and bustle and strength of all the rest. Those that lingered, I noticed, soon dropped by the wayside and sought shelter or aid in one special apartment among their many houses. I saw them

emerge from this bearing a little fragment. They carried this into another apartment and exchanged it for something different and soon I saw them going again with the same life as all the rest.

Soon I emerged from the forest into a beautiful green meadow. The surrounding rugged hills were filled with flocks of grazing sheep. They all seemed to be intent upon getting as much as possible of the substance of the hills. In the centre of the meadow, I saw two men like shepherds. I could hear one singing, in sweet strains, wonderful words of life. The other stood with one hand uplifted and beckoned to the sheep. I could hear him calling to them to come and drink from the fountain flowing at his feet. I could see no fountain, but the sheep heard the voices and great numbers came and seemed to drink and were refreshed and went away rejoicing. Others remained upon the rugged hills intent upon the subsistence found there and would not come and be refreshed by the invisible waters of the meadow.

Presently I thought I stood upon the summit of a large elevation and overlooked a broad expanse. Where I stood, everything was majestic in its splendor. There was great abundance and plenty of the things of life, and the people around me were busy laying up much for themselves. But besides all this they seemed to breathe an invisible atmosphere that brought them peace and life and prosperity. And they seemed to possess a knowledge that brought them consolation and comfort. The expanse before me was different. The people were strange-looking. They did strange things, and acted in strange ways. There, too, was much of the things of life among them. But they did not seem to have the same joy and peace as the people of the hill. I could see them stretching out their hands toward the hills, as if they sought possession of the knowledge that brought to others peace and consolation that they did not have. The only things familiar to me in the broad expanse were two persons. One was a little man skipping about among these strange people, stop-

ping here and there to shake their hands and speak kind words to them, and I saw large crowds gather around him and listen to him, as if he were bringing to them what they sought from the hills. The other person was a man of large stature, and the people flocked to him as if he were a man kind of heart. I could see him working with them as if to comfort them and heal their wounds.

As I wandered on across the meadows, I came upon two lovely butterflies as busy as could be, but their difference attracted me. One was clothed in spotless white and flitted about only among such blossoms as were limp and drooping from the heat of the day. I saw it fly from blossom to blossom; and wherever it touched, the flower seemed revived and refreshed. The other one did not fly about, but only sat among a larger cluster of unopened buds with its wings outstretched. It, too, was fair and lovely, but differed in appearance, with a tint of red. As it sat there, the buds before it began to unfold and blossom in their full beauty. I watched them with great interest and passed on.

Lastly in my dream, I stood—I cannot explain just where—only I stood gazing into the broad expanse above me. I was amazed by what I had seen, but cared to see no more. The hand of the conductor touched me, and his voice waked me as he called out my station.

Several years have passed, but not an item of my dream on that night has faded from my memory. Often times I have thought of it and wondered if it did not have some meaning. I have recently learned what all my old classmates are doing. And as I sat thinking over their wonderful success in life, my dream came back into my memory and at once its meaning began to unfold. And this is the meaning and the interpretation thereof:

The flower garden which I saw is a female seminary. The roses are so many girls. The different persons in the garden are teachers, and the peculiar personage in the center is its president, A. R. Register.

The forest is a great city. The odd tree in the center is a theological seminary. The wise young owls are theological students, and the pious, dignified old owl sitting above, holding the attention of all the rest is Frank Anderson, their teacher of theology. The ants I saw moving vigorously about are the many people enjoying vigor and health. Those that lingered and dropped by the wayside are the sick and afflicted going into the office of a noted physician and surgeon, Dr. J. S. Simpson. The fragments with which they returned were prescriptions. The other apartment into which they carried them was a large drug establishment of a reputable pharmacist, Dr. S. L. Leaman. The meadow which I saw was the church. The sheep upon the surrounding hills are people striving after the material things of life. The two shepherds are two famous preachers, D. B. Green, a singer, and H. W. Head, calling to the people to come and drink freely of the water of life.

The elevation upon which I stood, with the people upon it living amid plenty and enjoying the comforts of life, are our own fair land and people. The atmosphere that pervaded the height is the Christian religion. The knowledge they possess, bringing them joy and peace, is the knowledge of God. The strange people in the broad expanse are heathen people in foreign lands, calling to us in our land for the knowledge of God. The two familiar persons I saw are two faithful missionaries, Junius Horton, an efficient minister, and J. S. Garner, a skillful and faithful physician. The butterfly that I came across clothed in spotless white is a trained nurse. The drooping flowers she touched and gave life are her many patients that enjoy the blessing of her presence. This nurse is the faithful and gentle Miss Garvin. The other one differently clothed in a tint of red is a principal of a large female college. The buds she stood before and that blossomed in her presence are her pupils. This is the efficient, stern, and modest Miss Hipp. Lastly I stand, I care not to explain just where. But as I gaze into the broad expanse about

me the hand that touches me is that of the conductor of my life, and the voice that awakes me is His calling out my station.

G. A. NICKLES,
Prophet.



The Choosing of a Profession.

The minds of young men of all ages have been fired by ambition, and under the inspiration of this ambition they have dreamed dreams and seen visions. And it is the duty of the youth to dream, to aspire, to create glowing ideals and to nourish and develop them. Dreaming, aspiring, creating ideals have been and will ever be an inspiration to our youth for the accomplishment of duties. Such inspiration gives him a vision of larger things and enlarges the horizon of his possibilities.

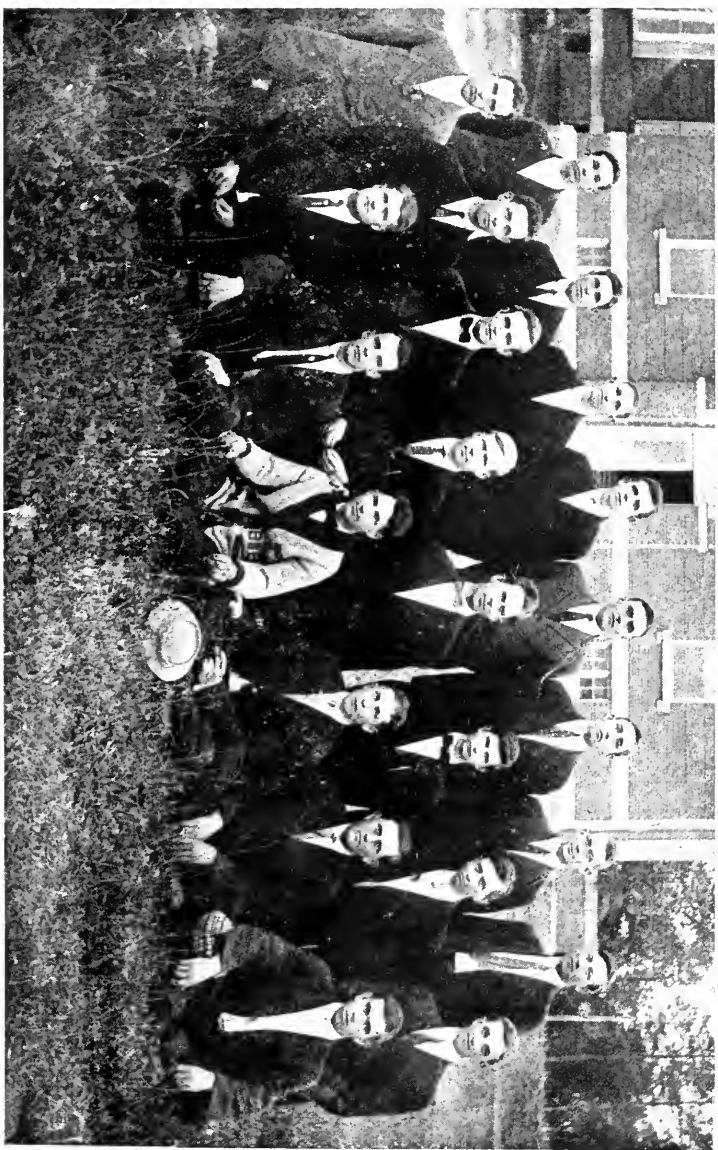
Every one with whom he comes into contact in his daily life exerts an influence upon him, and especially those to whom he looks for guidance. The men of the various professions are those to whom he looks for special guidance. They are continually under his gaze, and he follows in their foot-steps, be it up or down.

A beautiful statue once stood in an Italian city. It was the statue of a Greek slave girl. It represented the slave as tidy, well dressed and beautiful. One day a street girl, ragged, unkempt, and forlorn came past the statue and stopped and gazed at it with admiration. She was filled with admiration for its beauty. Moved by a sudden impulse she went home, washed her face and combed her hair. Day after day she came to admire the statue, and each time she received some new inspiration. Each time she found something to imitate in its beauties, until she was a transformed child. That statue was an ideal to the child and acted as ideals always act; it pointed out possibilities, it awakened ambitions, it created a new life and wrought elevating changes. Thus

our boys are elevated and their ambitions awakened by those noble men with whom they come in contact.

As the youth grows into manhood, he sees the need of choosing a profession. The responsibility of such a task impresses itself upon his mind very forcibly. The first thing that comes to his mind is, in what profession can I be a success? The aim of every person, no matter what position he may occupy, is success, and any thing less is unworthy of any true man. After deciding that success should be his aim, he looks over the field of human activities to see the needs of humanity. The world needs men to carry on its great work, and it is continually calling for them in its many lines of activity. The better nature of a man tells him that he is in duty bound to answer the call that offers the greatest field for the accomplishment of the best and noblest work for humanity. Calls come from all sides, the sick and suffering pleading for help, the heathen imploring guidance, the prisoner begging for deliverance, and many other branches of human activity asking aid. Which way shall he turn or to what shall he put his hand? Shall he think only of self, and leave the rest of humanity to provide for themselves, or will he enter the calling that to him is the one in which he can be of best service to humanity?

First he gazes out over the field and sees the humble servant of Him who died for our sins, working in His masters vineyard. This work offers but little inducement to his mind at first, but as he gazes, he realizes that it is no small honor to be the representative of the greatest kingdom of which man has knowledge. It is true that it offers but little of this world's goods, but instead of riches it gives love! The humble pastor of his own church comes to his mind as a fair sample of this class of workers. A kind, gentle, lovable old man who has worn out his life in the service of others. Many bereaved have been comforted, many sick encouraged, the weak made stronger and the strong better by having come in contact with him. Day and night he labors for the upbuilding of humani-



THE SOPHOMORE CLASS.

ty. Many are the sinners that he has saved, and many fallen has he lifted. All his people have been strengthened by having come in contact with his stronger character. All love and reverence him and continually thank God for his goodness in sending such a man among them. Here, then, is a call to the young man, a call not to be despised; for it is a divine one, and one that offers a noble reward.

Next his gaze rests upon the doctor, that man to whom we trust our health and life. It is his duty not only to minister to the sick and suffering, but to protect all humanity from disease. By his researches and diligence he has made possible the completion of the Panama Canal. He has made life in the low countries endurable, and he has added years to the lives of those dwelling in the tropics. He has carried on his experiments to such an extent that only a few diseases remain that are uncurable. He serves the lowly as well as the rich, and it matters not whether it be fair weather or foul, whether it be day or night that the call comes to him, for he thinks only of the sick and suffering and not of himself. He will visit those afflicted with the most vile and contagious diseases as readily as any ordinary case. A mother could not be more tender, more sympathetic than he, for he is always in sympathy with those that suffer. He sacrifices pleasures, and devotes his time, his energies and his knowledge to the service of others, sometimes even giving up life to those for whom he works. Thinks the young man in choosing his life work, that the doctor has his mission in life. It is indeed a dangerous and a self-sacrificing calling, but the reward of the faithful physician shall be great.

Next he turns to the lawyer, that man to whom all turn for the protection of the innocent and the conviction of the guilty. Here, too, humanity calls for men who can and will stand up for the right. Innocent men are today serving sentences behind the bars because they had no one to whom they could turn in their hour of need, while guilty men are today walking the streets free because unscrupulous lawyers,

loving gain more than justice, freed them. We need men in South Carolina today who love justice and are willing to stand up for the right. Much praise is due those men of Virginia who after obtaining evidence of the guilty Henry Clay Beattie, Jr., worked to convict him, and forced him to pay the penalty for his bloody deed. We need men like these in South Carolina today; for our laws, which should be upheld and obeyed by all, are being trampled under foot by unscrupulous men for the sake of gain. We need strong men who will declare themselves on the side of right, who will put on the whole armor of justice, and who will fearlessly attack wrong, convict the guilty and free the innocent. This is a great calling that young men will do well to consider, for our country needs and must have men to make her laws and to enforce them.

Next the thoughts of the young man dwell on the teacher, that man who leads our youth in the paths of knowledge. It is and ought to be his duty to instill into the mind of youth a love for all that is pure in life and to cause them to dream dreams and to see visions. He gives the youth thoughts upon which to feed his growing mind, and these thoughts form and shape his character, determining to a great extent his usefulness in after life. The teacher's life must be one of pure thought, of devotion and of self-sacrifice. It is a life devoted to the interest of all humanity, for the youth today will be the rulers to-morrow, and it is the duty of these men so to guide our youth that they will be able to perform the duties that will fall upon them. The world calls for men of high ideals, not only to teach but also to be patterns by which our boys can shape their lives. This calling is indeed a great one, and one in which all humanity can be served.

Then, too, calls come to the youth to enter many of the other branches of human activity, in which a life as well as a living can be made; in which one can be a servant of humanity as well as a leader of men; journalism, banking, business, farming, engineering, scientific work. Every call-

ing in life is a divine one, provided one regard it as an opportunity to serve God and humanity.

Think well then, young man, before the final step is taken in the choice of a profession. God demands of you all that he has graciously given to you, and it is your duty and privilege to render what services you can to the upbuilding and uplifting of humanity. The field that lies before you is the world, and there is always room for the faithful man at the top. Then let us strive to do our best and to improve our opportunity while we may, for the water that flows over the old mill wheel flows but once. Let us dream our dreams and see our visions, and let them ever be an inspiration to us for the accomplishment of our duties. Let the word duty be to us, as it was to General Lee, the sublimest word in the English language.

J. S. S., '13.



A Fair Detective.

Four months had elapsed since Frank Ridley had been appointed assistant cashier in the Bank of Townville. Having set his heart on the banking business during his college course, upon graduating he had commenced work in this town. As he was a stranger in the place, he had showed an unusual amount of vigor and determination to succeed.

Mr. Rosenwald, the president of the bank, had taken much interest in the new comer and had made him feel quite welcome at his home. During his first visits, Miss Rosenwald the belle of the town, had especially welcomed him, which was greatly resented by Ellis Padon, the cashier of the bank. Padon was a special friend and counsellor of Mr. Rosenwald, and had already taken a great dislike to Ridley, because of Miss Rowena Rosenwald's interest in him; while Padon himself had been deeply interested in her for sometime. It exasperated him to see this well-bred college man come in and win his girl's heart. How he envied Ridley his ability as a

musician and entertainer. How it irritated him to hear all the young ladies talking about "the charming Mr. Ridley,"

On this particular evening, Ellis had called on Rowena determined to come to some understanding with her. But when the opportunity came his nerve failed him and the passionate words which he had planned to speak only caused an expression of anxiety and excitement, which Rowena had noticed, but concerning which she had not ventured to question him.

"Why do you go so early, Ellis? It is now only ten o'clock", asked Rowena as Padon rose.

Well, Rowena, your company is pleasant, but the amount of work which the cotton season is pouring in upon us has tired me so, that I fear I have bored you long enough for one evening."

"The idea of such a thing! you shouldn't be so modest Ellis."

"Anyway, I must go—but tell me! Can I have a word with your father before I go," he said, as he took her hand to bid her good night.

"Certainly, for I know he has not retired so early. Good night, and don't worry so much," she said, and hastened lightly up-stairs to call her father.

"D—it all!" Padon hissed under his breath, "that imp of a dude, Ridley, has made Rowena so different towards me."

In a few moments Mr. Rosenwald came down, and Padon told his business.

"Mr. Rosenwald," he began, "I dislike to disturb you at such an hour, but this afternoon, after the safe had been closed, a deposit of \$300.00 came in, which I asked Ridley to place in the vault. But since, I have been worried about it, and thought I ought to ask you whether it would be safe there or not. May be it would be safer here at your home."

"Oh! you needn't worry about that. It is safe in the bank. I thought you had worked in a bank long enough not

to think of such a trifle."

"Well, the matter bothered me, and I wanted to be free of the responsibility. Much obliged to you for your kindness, and good night."

When Mr. Rosenwald made his appearance at the office the following morning he was dumfounded when Padon came to him much excited, reporting that the money left in the vault had been taken.

"By the way, Mr. Rosenwald, here is a note, stating that Ridley will not be at his work today." Mr. Rosenwald took the note and read:

12:30 A. M.

Dear Padon,

An unexpected call out of town obliges me to leave on the train due at 1:10 A. M. Will return as soon as possible. Sorry I must be away during the rush season.

Frank Ridley.

In an instant, Mr. Rosenwald's face flashed crimson. He rarely ever lost control of himself, but now he could not refrain from speaking: "How in the deuce could a man expect to steal in such a manner and not be caught? Old Sammy, the director, said Ridley wouldn't do, but I thought he was unreasonable in his likes and dislikes. We'll have the law on him, immediately."

"But wait a moment, Mr. Rosenwald. The evidence is against Ridley, but not sufficient for conviction. By the law I could be held quite as responsible as he is. The best thing to do is to wait the issue of circumstances. If he took the money, it will come to light sooner or later."

"Good advice, Padon, your level head is remarkable. We will keep the matter quiet, and wait the outcome."

Three days had passed since the robbery. Rowena had accepted an invitation of Padon to go with him in his auto to the opera at Oakland, a large town ten miles distant. The opera was over and they had gone into an ice cream parlor to quench their thirst.

"That does seem strange," said Rowena as she noticed the five dollar bill which Ellis had placed on the tray in payment for the refreshments. "Only a few days ago I saw that bill and noticed how closely it was trimmed and the arrangement of the numbers 44444. How remarkable is the way money may circulate. Just think, that bill may have been all the way to Washington and back and have passed through the hands of a great many people.

"Yes, it is wonderful indeed," replied Padon rather disinterestedly.

Seated in the auto and wrapped snugly in the lap robes. Rowena was left to do most of the talking, as Ellis guided the car homeward.

"I hear that Frank Ridley is in town again," began Rowena, after several attempts to get Ellis interested in the conversation.

"Yes the fool is back, he might have had more sense than to come back here where he has disgraced himself," replied Ellis somewhat angrily.

"But Ellis, you are too hard on him. He has not been proved guilty."

"Well, guilty or not guilty, he shows his poor sense by staying in a town where he has such a name, assuming the unlikely case that he did not take the money," replied Ellis.

"In my opinion, he is certainly acting the man, if he is not guilty. If he should leave here under suspicion, it would follow him anywhere he might go."

"Have your way then," replied Ellis somewhat surlily; "but I cannot understand why you are forever and eternally trying to make him out not guilty."

Such was the tone of the conversation throughout the journey. Finally, to the relief of both, the home of Mr. Rosenwald was reached. As soon as Rowena was inside the door. she said good night in the coolest of tones and closed the door in his face. Worn out and exhausted from the strain, she gave way. Her father had soon placed her on a couch and

was questioning her.

"Father," she said when she had recovered strength enough to speak, "the mystery is revealed. As I have been telling you, Frank is not guilty of the theft. Ellis Padon took that money. How clear it all is now! The day before Frank left, he happened to show me a bill of small denomination with the number 44444, which impressed me at the time. Yesterday, while I was down street I met him. He was anxious to know whether I had lost confidence in him. He had learned somehow that he was suspected. When I assured him that I couldn't ever believe he was dishonest, he told me this: 'Rowena, you remember the odd bill which we were looking at the other day. I placed that bill with some other money of mine with that late deposit the other night, expecting to enter it on the books the following morning. I am waiting for the appearance of that bill, so that I may clear myself of the guilt.' Whereupon I told him I would certainly witness for the truth of his statement. And now I have been the detective."

Mr. Rosenwall, for a second time in his life, was dumb-founded. When he had collected himself, he said, "But Rowena, Padon may have gotten the bill from another and after all may not be guilty.

However, if he thought this, he didn't rely on his belief, for he was determined to find out the truth more conclusively. On reaching the hotel where Padon boarded, he asked for him; but was told by the porter that Padon had left on the midnight train, without stating where he was going.

Ridley and Rowena—but that's another story.

Anderson '13.



The Crown of Creation.

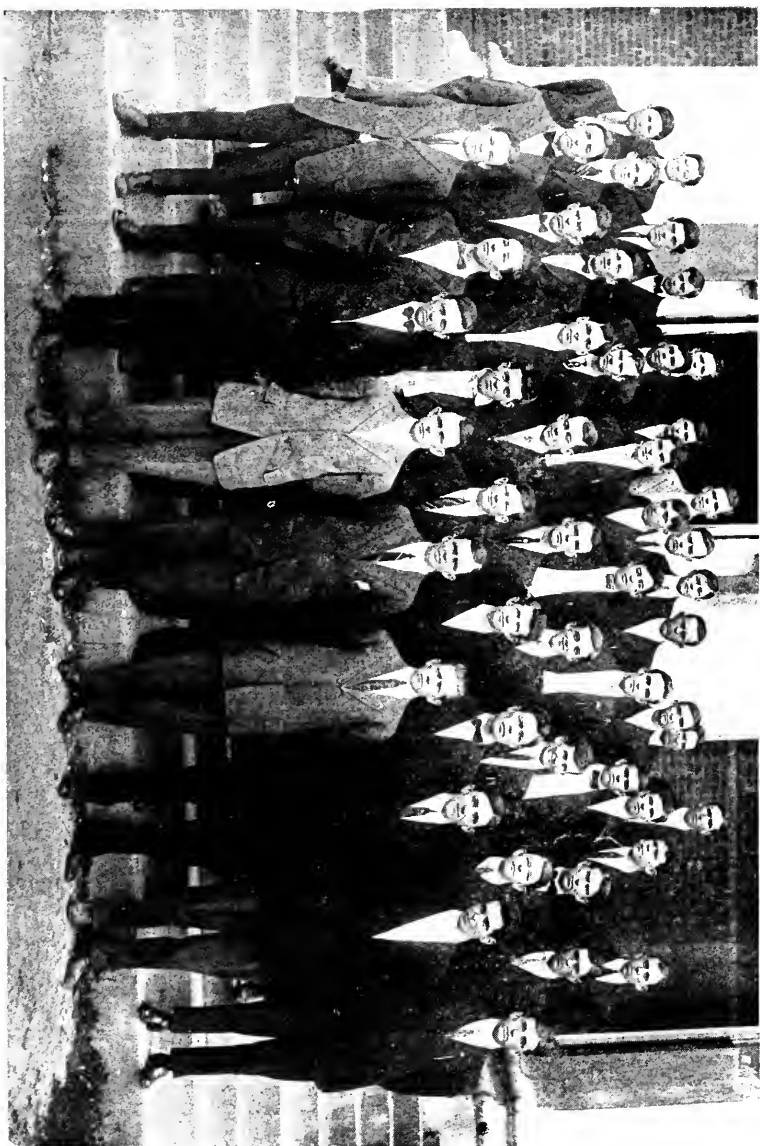
There is a tendency of the South to look upon the question of equal suffrage for women as being a little old and not of much importance. This is an evidence that we are not

awake to the real importance of this question. It was one of little interest so long as it hung a little cloud upon the western horizon, but now it is gradually extending its bulk and rolling peaks across the northern sky, and already its rumblings are falling upon the unheeding ears of the South. Indeed the time has come when we should appreciate the importance of this growing scheme to change a relation which has existed since the foundation of the earth.

In the beginning God created the heaven and the earth, the beast of the fields and the fish of the seas. These fish grow in size and equal in power the great monsters of the field, but their sphere is in the waters, not upon the land. Lastly, as the crown of His creation, God made man and his help-meet. She is made equal to him, yea his glory; but her sphere is in the home and its relations are not in politics. Nature made it so.

Man is the creature of ambition that leads him forth into the struggle and the bustle of the world. He seeks for fortune, for a place in the world's thought, and dominion over his fellow-men, while woman's whole life is a history of affection. Her heart is her world, and it is there her ambition seeks its empire. This does not make woman inferior to man, but simply gives to her a different sphere. These spheres are plainly seen in actual warfare. Here it is the men who go to battle and endure hardships and privation. It is the wives, mothers, and the maids betrothed who form an army of woman's constancy and love which makes men brave and patriotic. Just so should these differences be maintained in politics. Let actual strife and battle be kept in the hands of men and let woman exert her influence by her natural powers of love, mercy, and persuading sympathy, which inspire men to lofty aims and purposes.

Sane intelligence, drawn from the daily observations of our lives, teaches us that there are separate and distinct duties and responsibilities for man and for woman. These have been so finely adjusted, by a power not human, until the



THE PHIOMATHIAN SOCIETY.

equilibrium cannot be destroyed without danger of social confusion. Woman suffrage, with all that it involves to take woman beyond her sphere, is nothing less than an attempt to destroy this very foundation made by nature itself. Let us look at the effect upon the home. This is the most fundamental of all existing institutions. At its basis is the existing marriage relation. And for its basis Tennyson answers:

“Woman is not undeveloped man,

But diverse. Could we make her as the man
Sweet love were slain,

Whose dearest bond is this:

Not like to like, but like in difference.”

Thus anything that tends to destroy this difference and make woman as man strikes at the foundation of this greatest of institutions—The Home.

Furthermore, where the home is established, this difference in the mental and emotional states of men and woman maintains the marvellous influence of home, because there is in the home statesman-ship perhaps greater than the world has ever known, growing to be trained. Now while the father, naturally endowed with his physical strength, struggles to provide for the home, upon whom does the greater responsibility fall to train the child? We look into that face imprinted with something beyond this world, something kindred to the skies; we mark that angelic smile, gaze into those tender, loving eyes as they keep a fond vigil over her slumbering babe and say, “Mother.” Would you change one whit that mother’s power? With one accord we cry, No. At the same time, however, it may be said that the mere dropping of a piece of paper into the ballot box cannot produce any effect upon her. If that were all, perhaps it might; but that is not all. The women are actually trying to take the place of men in their zeal for equal suffrage.

To turn aside from theory here, I would have you recall that march under General Rosalie Jones from New York to Washington for the inauguration. You remember that the

army left New York two hundred strong. On the very first day of the march one hundred and eighty-four dropped by the wayside, but the remaining enthusiastic little band marched on. When they reached Princeton University, the students had no little fun out of this ridiculous picture of woman out of her place. Later they became the object of sport for a band of snow-ballers, yet Sunday would give them no rest. And just so, I am told, Dr. Anna Howard Shaw during the big convention in Philadelphia actually continued her meetings through Sunday. The same thing is happening in England. Not only are they trying to take the place of men, but cannot give one day in seven in honor of Him who for the welfare of humanity ordained the Sabbath and the home. Surely you will not tell me that such conduct will not affect that mother's power. It implies the whole mode of thinking, feeling, and acting of which the vote is merely the concentrated expression. Going through such conduct for the ballot, and acting in like manner with the ballot, woman must think, feel, and act in the spirit of men. Therefore such activity would diminish her power of developing the finer sentiments in human nature. If not, woman must remain unchanged in such training, and to say that she would remain unchanged is contrary to our knowledge of the effect of environment and culture.

There is nothing on earth so beautiful as the household where Christian love may forever smile and peace remain a guest all the while. But Woman Suffrage is likely to be a dangerous enemy to lurk amid its quiet, sequestered bowers and lure away its peace and love. What then would be the effect upon womanhood in general? There are two things in nature alike obnoxious, a mannish woman and a womanish man. Now, if women are to take a general interest in politics (and if they do not take an interest the agitation is useless) they would have to visit the polls among all classes of citizens. They would have to take upon their shoulders the responsibility of government and the administration of justice.

They would need to become leaders of political parties and indulge generally in things that require a masculine nature. Such activity would dispel the gentleness and the sweetness of her womanhood, and make her an obnoxious freak of human nature.

Wherever modern civilization exists, one of the chief refining elements of society is the respect felt for womanhood by men. Even those of little refinement still esteem the ideal woman. This chivalrous spirit is due to woman's peculiar influence over man and her spirit of dependence upon man. The passing or decline of this sentiment would equally affect both man and woman. And to imagine that there is nothing in the political arena, where men and women would engage in personal and public conflicts, to cause a decline of this spirit is to ignore plain facts of the present day. Reports show that man loses his self control and woman her delicacy when engaged in public controversy. For instance, I would cite to you the conduct of the suffragettes in England, where they have been smashing windows, pouring ink and acid into mail boxes, and to reach a climax, burning and dynamiting dwellings and public buildings. And while the English women are thus conducting themselves, American suffragettes look on any say, "Nothing could be finer." Where is now the ground for chivalry to stand. Should there be a tendency to feel that there is no chivalry now, pause and reflect upon the scene of the sinking of the Titanic, when the instinct of self-preservation was forgotten by men and the cry was "Women and children first." As it is, man places woman above him, his superior; but let her descend to engage with him in politics, and she will be treated as his equal evermore.

Then, after all, woman cannot expect to accomplish with the ballot what she advocates, because there is a natural instinct in man that leads him to submit to the persuasion of woman, but to resist her if she tries to compel him. This spirit is there evidently by divine appointment and cannot be eradicated by philosophy, refinement, or religion. O wo-

man, not strength, but love and persuasive counsel is your power.

We believe that there is a very small minority of our Southern women who really want the ballot. Yet there is the feeling that those who desire the ballot should vote and the others can let it alone. This very proposition is but an opening into a magnificent field for the work of the political machines, and the influence of the demagogues, and for any one who thinks that there is no opening into such a field among women, let me cite to you the very first attempt at Woman Suffrage in America. It was up in the state of New Jersey. They were having a local election in a township where there were supposed to be about three hundred voters, and there were over eighteen hundred votes cast. The election was thrown out as fraudulent, and the whole state was so disgusted that the franchise was limited to male citizens twenty-one years of age. Similar frauds are reported from Colorado today.

They may advocate purified politics, eradicated saloons, and such things, but it is all an idle dream. Yet the vote put into the hands of a few places a great responsibility upon all. Restricted suffrage, then, does not mean a right from women deprived, but a burden from woman removed. And we should exert all of our influence and all of our power to keep this burden from fair woman's shoulders.

“O woman, lovely woman, Nature made thee
To temper man: we had been brutes without you;
Angels are painted fair to look like you;
There's in you all that we believe of Heaven,
Amazing brightness, purity and truth,
Eternal joy, and everlasting love.”

Remain, therefore, upon your lofty throne, the crown of creation, never to descend to the level of man.

G. A. N. '13.

Progress Towards an Ideal in Education.

Education is the systematic training of the young in mind, body, and spirit, that is intellectually, aesthetically, practically, physically, morally and religiously, with the purpose of developing a complete manhood. And fortunately for mankind it is a parental instinct and in some form or other is as old as our race; though when the state of civilization was low educational systems were also narrow and imperfect.

Though the march of human progress has been slow, it has gradually come westward through Europe to America. Like the individual, each nation and our race as a whole has to pass through the successive stages of childhood, youth, and maturity. Each succeeding period inherits the accumulated wisdom of the preceding one, and in turn adds new treasures of its own. Along with the progress in other human interests, there has been unmistakable progress in education, as each new phase of civilization demands a new and better system of education. Thus we find our school curriculum continually changing. This means that society as it grows, is ever developing new needs, and the school is ever hastening to meet them. As Prof. Dewey says, "The modifications going on in the method and curriculum of education is as much a product of the changed social conditions, and as much an effort to meet the needs of the new society that is forming, as are changes in modes of industry and commerce."

Education serves its best purpose in adding to the present accumulation of knowledge and power, thus making possible a better future than the past.

The ancients never succeeded in their many attempts at producing a complete and ideal system of education, as one phase of human culture was usually stressed, to the neglect of others. This is more or less the case to the present day. Sometimes, the physical factor has been emphasized, sometimes the intellectual, and sometimes the moral or religious;

but never all together, in perfect sympathy. Among no two nations of antiquity were the theory and practice the same. It has always varied with the different social, political, and religious conditions of the people. But however varied or imperfect its form, some system of education has existed in every nation.

The education of the primitive man consisted of two processes. The first is the training necessary to the satisfaction of the practical wants of life. The second was the training in the elaborate forms of worship, through which it was necessary that every member of a group had to go. The former process constituted his practical education; the latter, his theoretical. The training in such a method of education is for the most part purely unconscious imitation.

The fundamental relation of education to the entire scheme of life of the Chinese is revealed in the initial sentence of one of the Confucian texts: "What Heaven has conferred is called nature; an accordance with nature is called the path of duty; the regulation of this path is called instruction." The purpose of this education is to train each individual in this path of duty. Because of the close relationship that education bears to life, it possesses a distinctly moral character, though the education of the schools is of a distinctly literary character and is often cited as an example of a wholly formal and unpractical education. This system has undergone changes and it is a recognized fact that a change in the life, government, social ideals and religion of the Chinese can come only through some further modification of their education system. In the lower stages, the method of Chinese education is purely memory training, and does not seek to develop human capacity or ability. Though this system forms an excellent type of Oriental education in general.

In India, the caste system is prominent. The Hindus stressed the intellectual faculties much to the neglect of the others, and especially is no provision made for physical training. This intellectual education is not wholly undeserv-

ing of commendation, but the Hindus are wanting in that strong practical energy which is necessary to subdue nature and lift the masses to a high degree of civilization.

The main part of the Persian system consisted of physical and moral development. Intellectual culture was wholly neglected in the school training. Reading and writing, if they formed any part of instruction were taught in a very limited degree. The higher branches of study were open to the ruling class only. Thus the one-sidedness of this system is evident.

Among the Jews, Theocracy controlled both the theory and practise of education. And even though it gave education a very one-sided tendency, it laid stress on an important and hitherto neglected principle. The end of education was to make faithful and obedient servants of God's people. The Jewish system made no provision for physical training, and on its purely intellectual side it was unquestionably weak; although the educational practice at that time marked an advance on the systems already considered.

The Egyptian system consisted chiefly of intellectual and moral training. The Egyptians were divided into castes and the two higher classes enjoyed the greatest educational advantages while the education of the lower classes was of the most elementary nature.

In studying the systems of Greece and Rome, we find that they show an obvious advance on the defective systems of the East. The individual comes into greater prominence and to a certain extent, the worth of the individual is appreciated.

The aim of the Spartan system was to give each individual such physical perfection, courage, and habits of complete obedience to the laws that he would make the ideal soldier, unsurpassed in bravery. In the Spartan system the individual was sunk in the citizen. The moral, athletic and intellectual faculties were but poorly developed.

Pythagoras, who lived in the sixth century B. C., was not far from grasping the true idea of education. The key

note of his system was harmony. He wishes to introduce into human life the harmony which he found in the universe at large. This system was strict in morals and partial to physical and intellectual training. The course of study was too narrow, but it was an improvement on the earlier ones.

With Xenophon the physical, practical, and especially the moral side were stressed. This system was similar to that of Sparta. The democratic principle pervaded his educational system, and no citizen was excluded from the highest positions of honor, on account of humble birth.

Socrates' influence on education was twofold. In regard to the content of his teaching, he placed great emphasis on knowledge. He aimed at developing knowledge concerning conduct, knowledge of practical value in life, but possessing universal application and consequently moral worth, Socrates emphasized moral and intellectual training to a great extent.

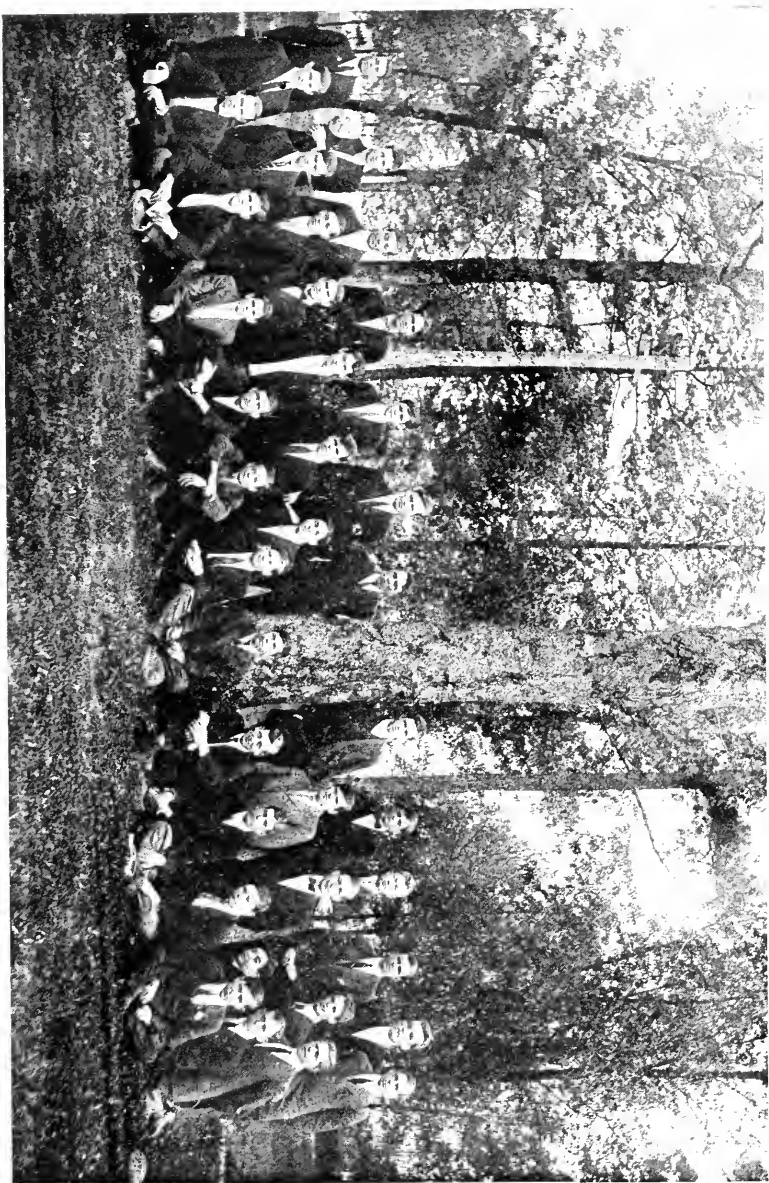
The system of Plato provided an elementary and higher course of instruction, and he attached special importance to music. The individual does not exist for himself in this system, which, while abounding in wise suggestions and profound thoughts yet has never been adopted by the human race.

The end of education with Aristotle was forming the useful and happy citizen. His system of education included only the freemen or ruling class, and was content to leave a large part of the population in ignorance and degradation.

According to Cicero, education should begin with the earliest childhood, and he strongly emphasized the ethical side. He found two errors in learning namely, jumping at conclusions and, wasting time over obscure or trifling subjects.

Seneca, in his estimate of studies, showed something of the Athenian spirit, and with his deep ethical sense, he placed character above learning. Like Plutarch he was in favor of general education.

The educational systems of the primitive Christians were



THE FRESHMAN CLASS.

defective, subordinating and even sacrificing the intellectual to the moral and religious elements. A thirst for knowledge was disseminated among the higher classes, and schools were founded as centers of intellectual culture, although in these the course of study, both for primary and secondary schools was fixed, it was too narrow.

In studying the life of Christ one does not think of him as a teacher like other teachers, yet, both in his life and his teaching, he has profoundly influenced the education of the world. With him, the supreme factor was ethical culture, though in his own person he was the moral exemplar of our race.

Education during the Middle Ages was subordinate to other interests and the systems during this period were not completely developed. Both in theory and practise, education showed its narrow limit.

Erasmus, an educational reformer of the fifteenth century, in his system of education, places moral and religious culture in the foreground. He believed that children should be taught morality and religion by example, since they have a special aptitude for imitation.

Luther, another reformer of the fifteenth century, had in mind three kinds of schools which according to his views formed a complete school system, namely, common school, Latin schools and universities. And through his educational endeavors the foundation for popular instruction was laid, though no complete system was established.

Sturm, who lived in the sixteenth century, is regarded as one of the greatest educators. His ideal of education was an intelligent manhood. His idea concerning the method of teaching was that the student should gradually, with a careful cultivation of the memory, rise from the alphabet to the mastery of the most difficult studies and to do this it was necessary to divide the course of study into ten classes. This course is defective in that it gives undue importance to Latin and Greek, while other important studies are wholly neglect-

ed.

John Milton, an educator of the seventeenth century, looked on education from two different standpoints. On the one hand it should fit the child for the duties of practical life, while on the other hand, it should aim at developing the individual in virtue and knowledge. With a noble character himself, Milton naturally stressed moral culture. Just as many of the preceding systems of instruction were too narrow, Milton's included too many different topics.

Comenius the most celebrated educational reformer of the seventeenth century was the first to grasp clearly the idea of individual development. He thought of education as a development of the whole man. His school system embraced four grades, namely, the Domestic, the Popular school, Latin and University. This is practically the system in use at the present day.

John Locke, another educator of this period, places the most important kinds of knowledge under three heads, first, morality and religion, second, the knowledge that will help us in a wise conduct of life, and last, he thought that every one should learn a manual trade. His aim in education was to give a robust mind in a robust body.

To Rousseau who lived in the eighteenth century, belongs the honor of deriving his educational theories from child-nature. He stressed the practical side of a child's education. According to his theory, educational material should be the facts and phenomena of nature. Rousseau's system embraced too much to be carried out in full, though notwithstanding the extravagance in his teachings, in them is found the truth upon which all educational development of the nineteenth century is based.

Kant, a philosopher of the eighteenth century, conceived education as a development of the native powers of a child. He stressed the moral, practical and religious factors, and divided his system into four parts. In education, man must be cultivated, he must be disciplined, and civilized and ethics

should be taught.

Another distinguished educational reformer of the eighteenth century was Pestalozzi. The conception at the basis of his system was that of a natural, progressive and symmetrical development of all the powers and faculties of the human being, a natural order should be observed, and he avoided the evils hitherto existing of word-learning and pure memory work. He placed the moral character first.

Froebel also held the view that education is a harmonious development of the human faculties, and its principles are to be found in a study of human nature. He was the first educator to bring out the idea of teaching children at an early age, by means of the kindergarten school, and thus was an important addition to the preceding school system.

The nineteenth century gathered together the fruits of all the labors and struggles of the past. And as the current of thought, like a river grows broader and deeper as it flows farther from its source the school systems of this time could overcome some of the shortcomings of the earlier ones. The State assumed control of education, and in this way, the plans formed could be carried out to better advantage. Perhaps the most distinguished of American educators of this century, was Horace Mann. He was the organizer of the public school system as it is now. He regarded education as mind growth and with him religion and morality were central in life.

Coming to the present time, though there has been no complete and ideal system of education produced, the educational thought seeks to summarize these movements of the recent past and rearrange the essential principles of each into one harmonious whole. As Kant said, "It is a great mistake for one to think that experiments in education would not be necessary, and that we might judge by the understanding whether any plan would turn out well or ill." Thus the modern school system reaped the benefit of preceding ones. In the present school system, great stress is laid on

the training of the senses. Since directly or indirectly, all that we think, believe or know, must rest finally on the sensual powers, it is of the first importance that they be properly trained and directed. Another important phase of the present tendency is the incorporation of the industrial element in all school work. Though an important problem in the educational systems of today is the complete exclusion of religious elements in public education, and the very general exclusion of the study or even the use of the Bible and all religious literature. Little or no attempt is being made to solve the problem and to correct this defect. But the curriculum of education is no longer a sacred inheritance, possessing absolutely and permanent validity, the contents of which the child must master in order to attain to an education and be admitted to the charmed circle of the cultured. The school curriculum is constantly, though very gradually, reorganizing the old culture material to put in the new. The curriculum is the child's introduction to the coveted life, as schooling is the preparation for actual life.

A Quiet Night In Camp.

Our party of six, pitched camp in the pretty little valley of Jocassee for a week's stay. The valley is located in the foothills of the Blue Ridge Mountains, thirty miles northeast of Seneca. The White Water river pitches headlong into the valley from the north, over two sets of falls, winds its way merrily over its rough, rocky course southward through the valley. Our camp was set up on the banks of the river, twenty feet above the water, at the foot of a mountain that rose in magnificent splendor. The river, of clear, sparkling water, could be heard as it rushed madly over the stones, singing its soothing, pleasing music. The green hills formed themselves like sentinels around us, shutting out all sounds and sights of the outside world. Just around the mountain to the south, was an ideal mountain home. Ours was indeed an

ideal place to spend a week in quest of quiet and amusement.

After supper was over and the many duties of fixing up camp for the night were finished, all gathered around the camp fire. Each member of the party had something of interest to relate and the time passed quickly. The fire burned low, casting grim fantastic pictures on the shrubbery. The katydids sang all around in concert with the other night noises that are familiar in the woods. A creepy feeling came over all. The baby began a song but could not finish it. Daddy-long-legs said something about the surroundings being fine for a ghost-story. Mother, of course, objected, but William Green Hill could not withstand the temptation. His low musical voice began a ghost story of a mild type. As he talked, the girls began to draw closer together. The baby also began a slow but steady movement towards mother. Bud looked to his gun to be sure that it was loaded.

Daddy-long-legs sat still, pulling at his cob pipe as if in deep meditation. William Green Hill finished his story and every one gave a deep sigh of relief.

Suddenly, there rang out in the still night, a shrill scream. Everybody jumped up, scared half to death. Again the same awful wail, more prolonged, broke the breathless stillness. This time a smile was seen playing around the mouth of Daddy. He, at first, failed to recognize the scream of the panther but at the second call he did. All were again seated but this time, huddled close around the fire.

Daddy-long-legs thinking this a good time to test the nerve of the party began a story. "Once upon a time, when this country was first settled, there stood a small cabin at the top of the lower falls. This cabin was used by hunters who came into the mountains in the winter, to hunt. In the spring, a young man, a new comer to this country, came into this country looking for a home. Finding here a house, plenty of fish, game and enough cleared land for a small farm, he decided to settle. He took possession of the cabin and began his preparation for farming. One night he heard a scream or wail

over towards the falls. It sounded like a woman in distress. Not taking time to think and being unfamiliar with the animals of the region he rushed out toward the place from which the noise came. Again he heard the cry, this time a little closer. He hastened his steps, thinking now only of assisting the one in distress. Suddenly, he stopped, rooted to the ground. Two horrible greenish eyes stared at him from the darkness. Move, he could not. Slowly the two gleaming balls advanced upon him—”

Suddenly, Sis, who had been keeping watch upon the surrounding bushes since Daddy began his story, gave a scream.

“Look yonder! don’t you see them, look how they shine. O! he will get us.”

Every one in the party was scared out of their wits as they beheld those gleaming balls of fire flashing there in the bushes, twenty feet away. Bud, scared within half an inch of his life, was tugging at his pistol, which seemed to be fastened in the holster. Daddy was running his hands wildly over the ground trying to pick up his gun from where he had placed it only a few minutes before. William Green Hill gave one long drawn-out, unearthly yell and dived into the tent. Mother, Sis, Jane and the baby bundled themselves into one small knot and huddled behind Daddy. At last Bud, having at last extracted his pistol from its holster, fired. Daddy, having found his gun, followed with another shot. The two eyes, no longer shooting fire, came slowly nearer. A low moan was heard. The fire blazed up suddenly, revealing the house cat of Mr. Burgess, our neighbor, badly wounded.

A sigh of relief rose in concert from the party. Mother leaned over to Daddy and said, “Daddy, please don’t finish your story tonight because if you do we won’t get a bit of sleep.” Daddy, of course, was willing to leave the story as he, too, was getting just a little shaky.

As it was now rather late, all retired for the night. Daddy and William Green Hill into the big tent, Sis, Mother and Jane into the wagon and Bud and the baby into the small

tent.

Bud was telling the tale of the three little bears to the baby, endeavoring to get him to sleep when one of the girls called for help.

"Come here quick, somebody is shaking this wagon."

Daddy and Bud, pistol and lantern in hand, rushed to the rescue of the ladies. They looked all around to find the cause of the alarm but no sign of man or beast was to be seen. Daddy laughed at the girls for being such cowards and told them that it was only their imagination teasing them.

The two men retired again to their respective beds, only to be again summoned. The girls, scared sure enough this time, called out excitedly: "Come here quick! Somebody is shaking this wagon."

The two men rushed out again only to find everything just as before. Daddy told the girls that unless they stopped bothering him with this play of their imagination he would finish his story and that would give them something to be scared about. The girls then promised to forget all about it and go to sleep.

Daddy and Bud turned and went back to their tents. Before they had gone ten steps, three shrill screams rent the air, three figures, robed in white came tumbling from the wagon and ran toward Daddy. Three voices exclaimed, "'It shook,' 'it shook,' 'it shook' and you looking at it." "Its haunted and I won't sleep in the old thing. Its haunted," they all three cried with one breath.

Daddy, by this time was interested, and determined to find out what caused it to shake like that. He got into the wagon and lay down. Very soon he was heard to laugh. "O! I can fix it all right girls. It does shake, or rather quiver. Let's move it a little and see if that won't stop it."

The wagon was moved and the girls climbed back into it. This time it did not shake as it had done before.

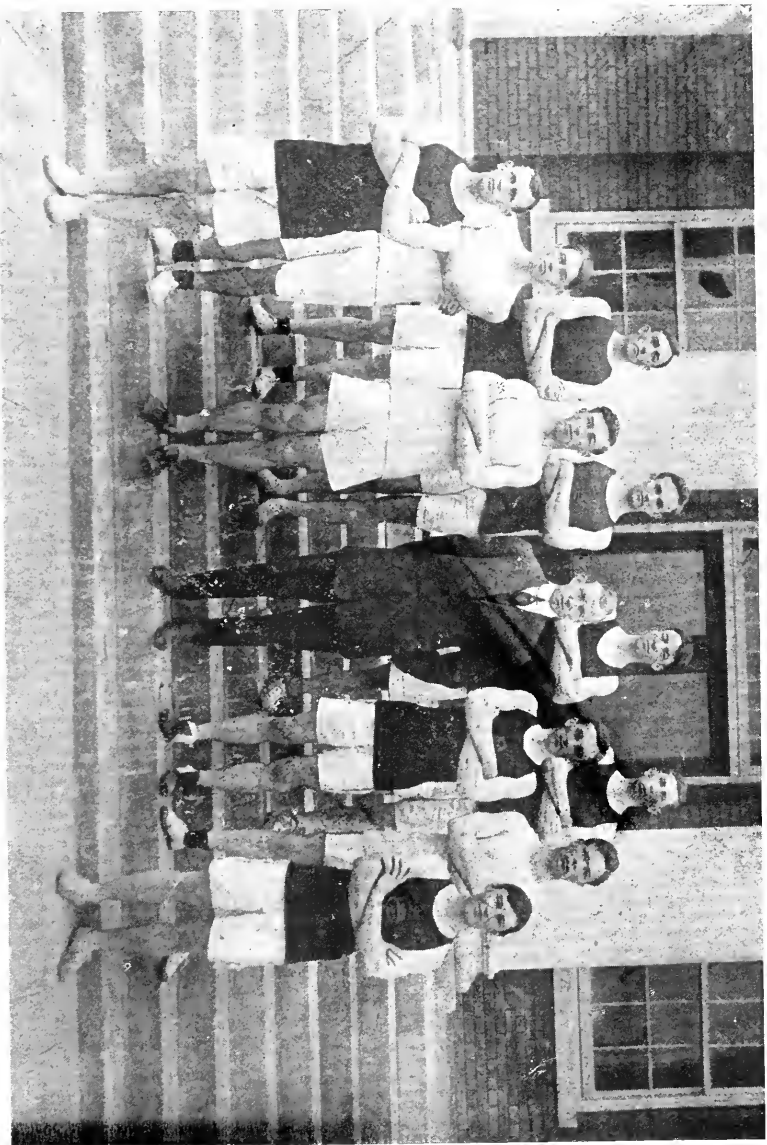
Mother, interested by this time, asked Daddy the cause of the quivering. Daddy explained that the wagon, held to-

gether by iron rods, which were of course tuned to a certain note according to the strain placed upon them. The water in the river, flowing over rocks, also made certain notes. It so happened that the water made the note to which the rods were tuned. These, of course, sounded, being moved in sympathy with the note of the water.

The girls, satisfied with this scientific explanation, again retired for the night. All arose bright and early next morning feeling much refreshed after their first night of quiet camp sleep.

J. S. S., '13.





THE TRACK TEAM.

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The material needs of our time have created within the minds of our youth the conception of an education as a short preparation for some life work. The modern idea of preparation for life seems to be that all studies should be pursued with a utilitarian purpose; and that all knowledge should be acquired for some practical use. The student feels the pressure of the outside world upon him and hears the call to grasp something from its bounty. Thus he rushes through the high school and out into life, or through the shortest course of some technical school, thinking that any kind of education that does not tend toward some form of money making

**Seeming
Concep-
tion
of Life.**

is artificial, impractical and undesirable.

This tendency to neglect a broad, liberal and thoroughly cultural training arouses interest as to the average young man's conception of life. He seems to think of life as a field of operation to advance his own pleasures and to gratify his physical needs and selfish human desires. When we listen to the plans of students, we too often learn that their highest conception of the use of their training is to provide for themselves the comforts of life and to lay up for themselves a due portion of the world's goods. We see young men rushing after the world's abounding wealth, as if the material were the whole of life. They seem to take no thought of that higher life that reaches beyond themselves, no thought of those about them who demand of them a cultured life.

Every young man should seriously consider before taking any step that would divert him from getting a broad liberal education. Here he comes into contact with great historical and literary personalities. This contact gives him a desire for intellectual achievement. It gives to him an ideal of a greater character than his own and inspires him to lofty aims and purposes.

A man without a broad cultural training is likely to be deficient in his knowledge of the meaning of life. He is likely to see no place for himself and to feel no responsibility in developing society as a whole. But by seeking a broad, liberal training he has the distinction of becoming a well rounded man. He gains for himself a broader horizon where he may seek the place for the greatest possible service to mankind. And he is that trained and cultured man to whom his community will look for advice and guidance.

Then again, continuing in pursuit of the highest culture, one begins to lose sight of selfish ends and get another conception of life's reward. With his advanced knowledge and broad horizon he sees the need of his age. He hears a voice calling him into some far-reaching life-work that is more than

a position. He perceives the clear, captivating voice calling him onward into the sweetness and light of a better day. He turns his back upon the things that appeal to self and faces the sunrise of some new ideal for social improvement and national progress. He knows that the world is not keen to pay the cost of his work in material goods, but the reward is more than sufficient for the worker in the joy of the work. Then he does not despair when his earthly reward seems to linger but lives and works and hopes, with the priceless reward in the very joy of doing.

Duty is indeed a sublime word, and should supply a question we present to our minds each day of our lives. Yet it seems that from a mere wrong impression or a failure to grasp the full meaning of the duties of life, our influence and effectiveness is handicapped. We are driven reluctantly to do things because of an inward feeling of duty, when we should be drawn into action with pleasure by a true desire of service. Often we are impelled to do things because we feel that we ought to do them and not because we love to do them to the glory of our Creator. Thus that which might be done, with great effect leaving an abiding influence, is void and accomplished without effect.

Gaiety and fun play as distinct a part in the life of the college student as anything else and should do so. Gaiety develops that very part of his nature that needs developing as much as any other part. The hours that the student has spent in tricks and fun remain distinctly in his memory long after the science lectures and elocution drills have faded from his brain. He remembers the little incidents that touch the practical side of his life, and they remain with him to play no little part in his pleasant memories, as well as help direct his destiny. The college man should not refrain from entering heartily into the fun and gaiety of college life so long as it remains within the bounds of a high moral ideal.

Duty**College
Gaiety.**

Exchange Department

S. P. ANDERSON, Editor

L. M. SIMPSON, Ass't. Editor

For two years it has been our privilege to read, study, and criticise the various college magazines with which we exchange, and during this time we have noted the following facts which we deem it fit to mention:

The college magazine unlike the literary magazine, can never hope to be a success financially. Then the one hope of success for the same is in high literary attainment. Is the college magazine having this success? We answer yes and no. Yes, when we consider the few who are interested in journalistic work. No, when we consider how many ought to be interested in the work.

Although each magazine should have selected contributors from the student body, nevertheless every member of the literary societies should be compelled to write something, regardless of his ability as a writer. In such a way our magazines could be wonderfully improved.

Another impetus to good work is for the magazine to get out class, or society issues. This plan is already meeting with success among the several colleges which have tried it, and we believe it will be a good plan for every magazine to adopt.

We wish to congratulate our exchanges upon the good material they have gotten out this year. It seems to be an improvement over the past year. We wish for their succeeding staffs, even greater success in the year 1913-1914.

It gives The Collegian staff pleasure to recognize a new magazine among the colleges of South Carolina, *The Woman's College Journal*, published by Due West Female College.

The first issue certainly does credit to the institution, and we wish to commend the staff for its success. One of the best features of the magazine is the pleasing selection of articles. Possibly the best article is, "The Awakening of a Nation." The facts are concise and arranged in good order, besides being well selected to arouse the reader's interest. One sentence is slightly jarring, "China is larger than any other one nation, and one fourth of the people on the globe live there." A new paragraph is here to be preferred. The two stories of the magazine have about the same merit. The writer of "And a Little Child Shall Lead Them" confuses the reader by changing the name Harry to Henry. The smooth flow of language in "A Reconciliation" is marred somewhat by the omission of connective words. For the sake of illustration, the story reads, "No smile lurked etc." Better, "But now no smile lurked." "Astronomical References In the Bible" is a good subject to discuss, for it is of interest to all. Then, too, it is a live subject of the day as some antagonists of Christianity are constantly trying to undermine the Bible at this point. So far as the article goes, it is very good. The author could have improved interest by adding some few proofs of the accuracy of the Bible in the astronomical field. For instance, what foresight the writer of the sacred Book must have had when he wrote "I will multiply thy seed as the stars of heaven etc," even years before it was known that there was a great host of stars. The art sketches add greatly to the attractiveness of the journal. This is something in which almost all of the college magazines are lacking.

The marked variety in the contents of the *Davidson College Magazine* makes the magazine very attractive. The stories, "A High Collar" and "A Kiss," are both interesting, but the latter is the better, due to the fact that there are no jerky sentences therein. Instead, sentences like the following add much to the ease and interest in reading: "Dis-

appointment, self-reproach, and hurt pride wrangled in confusion about her pouting lips, and the roses on her cheeks came and went." "A High Collar," though a good story, might be improved in a few places. To illustrate: Hamilton would hardly have been so abrupt in asking the stranger why he wore such a high collar to the theatre. It would have been much better for the stranger, noticing Hamilton's curiosity, to have mentioned his reason for wearing the odd-looking collar. In the successful story everything must be true to life. Again, "So" in the sentence, "So the dog took up with me at once," should not be used. Because the dog was fond of its old master is no reason why it should make friends with another at once. The story as a whole is to be praised, because it has some close resemblance to Poe's wonderful tales of mystery. The article, "The Spirit of the College," is read with interest. The reader, however is constantly wondering what the writer really means by true college spirit. He does well in telling us that it is not synonymous with rooting, but he fails to make definite anything about general college spirit. We wanted him to add that true college spirit calls upon the individual to make the best use of every moment while in college to equip himself best to become an honor to his Alma Mater in after life. The college boy rooter, who roots at every ball game and never studies, should beware when he laughs at some book-worm who studies, while ball games are going on, instead of coming out and showing his college spirit. Neither has the proper college spirit; but of the two, the book-worm has the more. "Imitations in Daily Life" is very practical, and is handled with no little skill.

The essay, "Alexander Stephens' Attitude Toward the Negro" in *The Trinity Archive* is not very successful in its attempt to bring out the great Georgian's views on this subject. The author does not treat Mr. Stephens' theory of the institution of slavery fully or clearly enough to give it a

square deal. Even the presentation given is interrupted, first by telling how the great statesman could have strengthened one point in his argument, and next by trying to prove, with a rather weak argument, that the negro slave was a hindrance to the non-slave holding white people of the South. The second part of the essay deals with Stephens' attitude toward the old-time negro slave. The two parts do not harmonize, as the first takes up abstract political and economic questions, while the latter deals with light and frivolous anecdotes. We feel that the author could have employed his time to more advantage by discussing some present day subject instead of delving into overthrown theories of the past.

In "The Rude Awakening of a Reborn Spirit," the author imagines himself to be the spirit of an ancient Greek reincarnated in a college student, and gives to the reborn spirit of George Washington, his opinion of some phases of college life. The piece of description "The Grand Canyon of Colorado" moves along very well for awhile, but the author seems to have exhausted his list of adjectives when the piece was about half finished, consequently he forsakes the canyon and discusses in short paragraphs things that bear only indirectly on his subject. This anticlimax might have been avoided if the whole piece had been planned and outlined before writing. "How to Keep a Typewriter" is an amusing as well as an interesting story. This issue of *The Archive* is very well supplied with poetry which adds to the attractiveness of the magazine and gives it a well balanced table of contents.

The *Chicora Almacen* is the first May exchange to reach us, and by being on time it sets an example worthy of imitation. The story with the old-fashioned name "Polly" for its title is told in a simple, easy way. The climax alone seems a little forced, as the course which the heroine took was really the only way open to her; but it is true this fault is somewhat redeemed by the cheerful manner in which this

school girl accepts the overthrow of her cherished plans. "The Reverie of a Would-be Bachelor" is an amusing little sketch, but there is a rule that one should write only on subjects with which one is very familiar. Try the other side of the question next time. Under the title, "A Night with the Boy Scouts," the author tells in dramatic form, a love story with the modern setting of a camp of Boy Scouts and Camp Fire Girls. It is worthy of some praise and may point the way to better and more finished work in story telling by the use of the conversational form. *The Almacén*, taken as a whole, is an interesting and up-to-date magazine.

Y. M. C. A. Department

H. W. HEAD, Editor

We can hardly realize the fact that it is very nearly the time for us to pack up and leave our Alma Mater and the connections that go with it. As we think of it, there is a feeling of sadness akin to pain that comes over us and fills our hearts with sorrow. With the pain there is joy. We can not express the feeling, but those of you who have experienced it realize the sorrow and the joy of it.

In leaving our Y. M. C. A. we do not leave it unprovided with leaders. We feel that the men who have been elected to office will fulfill their obligation and will bring credit to themselves and to the cause they are working to carry forward. The men who have been chosen are A. H. Miller, president; J. S. Land, vice-president; W. P. Anderson, Jr., secretary and treasurer.

We have had the pleasure of hearing some fine addresses during the last few months and we feel that they have been an inspiration to all.



THE BASE BALL TEAM.

To those officers who are going out, we cannot but express our deepest appreciation for their efficient work. They have shown their faithfulness in many ways, and will always be remembered with pleasure.

Athletic Department

S. L. LEAMAN, Editor

The base ball season closed May 6th with the Newberry game here. Although the team has won only four games of the twelve played, the work has been better than that percentage indicates. Our whole team did well and showed good team work, but played in hard luck in a good many of the games. The team loses but two players and with the experience the new men have had this year, we certainly ought to have a pennant winning team next year.

The team's batting is as follows:

	A. B.	H.	P. C.
Plaxico	57	24	421
Leaman	52	18	346
Garrison	56	16	286
Flowers, L.	43	12	279
White	57	15	263
Ballinger	48	11	229
Flowers, H.	35	8	229
McCutcheon	53	12	226
Fuller	41	8	195
Anderson	25	4	160
Simpson	14	3	214
Perrin	1	0	000
Jacobs	2	0	000
Brown	3	0	000

We sincerely hope that our next year's season will be managed as well as Manager W. P. Jacobs, Jr., has managed this one and that we shall have a more successful season than this year.

We won the track meet with the University of S. C. here May 12 by 48 to 41. The meet consisted of ten events, hammer and shot being eliminated by agreement.

Heyward, Hart and Anderson of Carolina showed good form. Plaxico for the Presbyterians did splendid work and was a great factor in his team's victory. Anderson and Nickles also did good work. This was our fourth meet and fourth victory.

Local Department

J. S. GARNER, Editor

Green, lecturing in Pedagogy—"Children should always be punctual and on time; they should never be late, too."

Horton to Co-ed E. H.—"I have a pain in my heart."

Co-ed to Horton—"Does it hurt?"

G. A. Nickles—"Boys, watch me take this rock and hit that water hydrogen (hydrant)."

J. S. Simpson—"How can you tell whether an animal is a plant or an animal?"

G. A. Nickles to F. Anderson—"I have bought me a new Bible."

F. Anderson to Nickles—"You did! Who wrote it?"

Leaman to barber—"Please cut my hair so I will be a nice looking fellow when I leave here."

Barber to Leaman—"That's a powerful hard job, but I'll do my best."

J. S. Simpson to Garner—"Wake me up at 5:30 in the morning."

Garner to Simpson—"Sure, but remind me of it then."

Horton to Dr. N.—"Doctor, do you expect us to know all of these rocks?"

Dr. N. to Horton—"No! I don't expect you to know anything."

Register—"Fellows, I did not know what to do last Christmas. If I went hunting, I was afraid I would get shot; and if I remained in town, I was afraid I might get half shot."

Head on entering a barber shop—"Will you please amputate the remote extremities of the capillary projections on the surface of my countenance but be sure not to amputate any of my epidermis."

Barber—"We are out of that, but I can shave you."

J. M. Lemmon of the class of '12 paid us a visit on April 14. "Red" is now a student at the Columbia Seminary.

Mr. Will Fewell of Rock Hill was here for the base ball game between the Presbyterian College and Newberry.

If each student would make up his mind to bring a friend back with him for the session of 1913-14, we should have about 250 students. Let each and every one of us lend a helping hand to Dr. Douglas and the Faculty by speaking a good word for our College to our friends. Let each student call himself a "scout for students."

On Friday evening, May 9, Miss Frances Garvin and Mrs. M. G. Woodworth entertained the members of the Senior class. During the evening numerous pastimes were provided, which made the occasion very enjoyable. A delicious salad course with ice tea was served, which was very much enjoyed by those present. After the repast the gay young people were called into the house and put to the puzzling and amusing task of recognizing various advertisements by pictures. Soon the twelve o'clock strike of the clock told the happy guests that the time had come for their departure. Miss Garvin and Mrs. Woodworth deserve very much praise and many thanks for furnishing such a delightful time for the Seniors.

Thursday evening, April 3, Dr. D. M. Douglas, the president of the Presbyterian College of South Carolina, tendered the Senior class a sumptuous banquet at his home. Here the faculty of the college and a few friends were invited to meet the members of the Senior class. The parlors and dining-room were decorated in white and yellow, the colors of the class of '13. The table, in the shape of a "T" and decorated in daisies, the class flower, presented a picturesque scene. The menu was served in a very unique way by four lower classmen who were disguised in burnt cork. While the happy banquetters were enjoying the repast, a Victrola rendered music. Immediately after the numerous courses came the toasts under the direction of Toastmaster D. M. Douglas. The toasts were very interesting and beneficial and showed that the students and faculty of the Presbyterian College were united in one common cause. All the speakers expressed their loyal support to the College, which is evidently entering upon a period of great prosperity. President Douglas concluded with a very strong and forceful address, showing that the world is in need of men in whom all confidence can be placed. At a very late hour the guests departed, after having spent a very enjoyable evening.



THE OCONEE CLUB.

Wanted—by F. P. Anderson: A wife. One who can live on promises and *his* love and be happy. One who will satisfy everybody in a poor preacher's congregation. For fear many may apply and be disappointed, all may gather at his office in Westminster, South Carolina, on August the first, and there the matter will be arbitrated.

Wanted—by J. Horton: A wife.

When the gulf of Education,
Bears me o'er its stream
To the sea of recognition
That our life's no dream;
When I face its rugged waters
And behold its tide,
May one of Eve's fair daughters.
Be my happy bride.

Wanted—by A. R. Register: A wife. She must be a young girl, age eighteen, with black hair and big, brown, calf-like eyes. She must be an expert in cooking, must know how to keep down expenses, and by all means have a small appetite. The applicant must know how to caress and to be caressed. She must be jolly and jovial and must meet "hubby" when he returns from work. She must be neat and attractive in appearance, must be fashionable, but must not be an extremist in following the fashion plate. Address all applications to wife-hunter, Box 85 of Sleepy Folk Chronicle.

Wanted—by D. B. Green: A wife. After all, life is what we make it; therefore stop and cast a glance at me, who will fill the bill. A woman that at all times has a kind word for every one; one who can soothe the mind with the light fantastic touch of the piano, and can sing like a mocking-bird, but not like a mocking-bird in any other respect; one who is willing to accept promises and nothing else; a woman who, if called upon, can respond readily to every need toward the

betterment of humanity; and last, but not least, one that has some good looks and plenty of money.

Wanted—by J. S. Simpson: A wife. “While I was yet a little boy, one night I dreamed a beautiful dream. I thought mother and I were out in a beautiful, green field covered with daisies. The fragrance of spring was in the air. I went here and there picking daisies while mother sat and wove them into a beautiful wreath. Over the field came a little girl, dressed in a gingham dress, her beautiful, golden locks flying in the gentle breeze. Her eyes were as blue as the sky and her fair cheeks were as rosy as an apple. She came, chasing butterflies, over the green fields, all unconscious of our presence. I gazed at her in perfect amazement, struck by the beauty of her face and form. On she came, till she spied me standing there gazing at her, with a heart full of love. She stopped and I, having recovered from my stupefaction, advanced to meet her. She, seeing the love-light in my eyes, advanced also, to meet me. There I fell down on my knees and poured out my love to her, begging her to be my wife when we grew older. She, loving me in return, promised to love me always. I kissed her on her little rosy lips and took her to mother, who crowned her with the wreath of daisies, proclaiming her my queen. Since that night I have sought diligently for my little queen, but have not been able to find any trace of her. Has anybody seen my little queen? Any information that may be of assistance to me in my tireless search will be most gladly received.

Wanted—by F. G.: A husband. “All my life there has been an ideal man pictured in my mind. I say all my life; I mean since I have been old enough to know what a real, true man means. This ideal man must be good-looking; by this I mean he must be rather tall and heavy built, stand and walk erect. He must have black, wavy hair, brown eyes and a fair complexion. But looks does not complete my ideal, nor is it by far the most important charactersitic; he must

be intelligent and must have a good character, being moral and thoroughly consecrated in every phase of life. It is to be hoped that I will find this ideal in the near future and he will consider me his ideal so that I shall not have to spend my life in teaching.

Wanted—by J. S. Garner, Jr.: A wife. When the time comes for a young man to decide what kind of a girl he wants, it is indeed a time for him to be serious. It is very difficult for a young man to come to a definite decision, because his ideas change with every girl he meets. At the present, I want my girl to be rather tall. She must not be too tall. She must have dark hair and sharp, snappy, brown eyes. I want her to have a smile for every one and a peculiar, sincere smile for me. I want her to be zealous, yet modest; innocent, yet free. She must play a piano and be always willing to make life more worth while with her musical charms. She should be able to make good biscuits and other good things to eat. She must have plenty of money and be too proud for her husband to work. By the way, no woman suffragette need apply. But I will be willing to disregard all the above if I can find what I call, in my estimation, the girl of girls—that is, the plain, Christian, Southern girl, in her purity, sweetness and accomplishments.

Wanted—by H. W. Head: A wife. “She must be just like mother.”

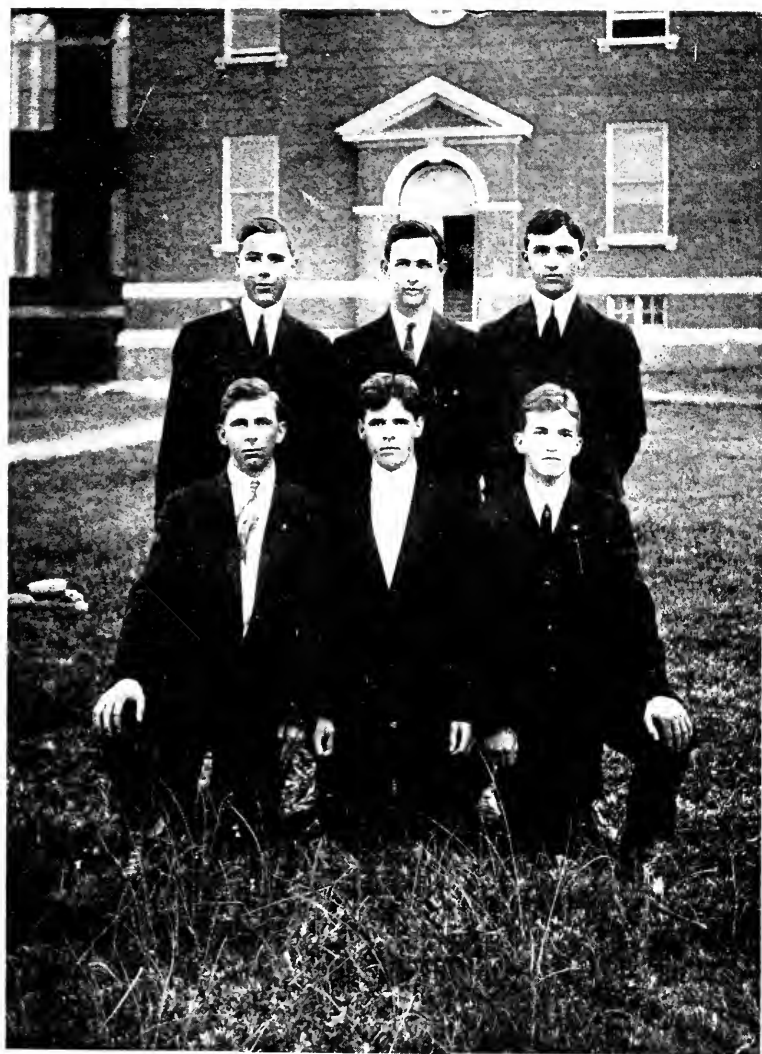
Wanted—by G. A. Nickles: A wife. Some like little girls, but the girl I want is tall, erect and graceful. Some say that beauty goes only skin deep, but that is deep enough for me, and the girl I want has a fair complexion, golden locks and clear, blue eyes. She is the personification of ideal modesty, not that which is merely apparent nor that which takes away the power of conversation, but that which makes all for me all the time and not the reception of my affection when I

am there and the other fellow's when I am gone. And her real beauty lies in that with all her superiority in musical talent, general intelligence and good common sense, still she desires my companionship just because it is I.

Wanted—By E. H.: A husband. As every person has an ideal, I will try to express through this paper my ideal. He must be a rather tall, heavy built man with broad shoulders and an erect carriage. He must have a good face, dark, wavy hair, brown eyes, dark complexion, good habits and must be full of life. He must have plenty of money and be too proud for his wife to work.

After having spent four years in Clinton, the Seniors have been forced to announce their utter failure in finding young ladies to act as their partners through life. But it is said that as long as there is life there is hope; so they are making their last appeal through the medium of this magazine.





THE GEORGIA CLUB.



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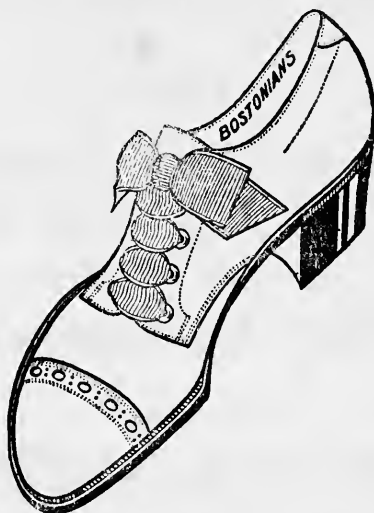
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